

Mtumwa Strikes Back

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Summary: Mtumwa isn't too happy to hear that Scar is dead, and plots his revenge against the cubs who he believes to have killed him...

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: It's Too Quiet

AN: Time for another story. I'm sure the title has told you who the recurring character is. Although he's a little bit different this time...

Mtumwa Strikes Back

Chapter One: It's Too Quiet

"Something's wrong," Simba said as his eyes darted back and forth, observing the Pride Lands from the edge of Pride Rock. "I know it."

"Simba, don't you think you're, you know, getting a little bit suspicious?" Nala asked, giggling at the funny sight of seeing Simba so paranoid. After battling some of the world's most deadliest monsters, it seemed that something was going to happen to the two of them every single day. At least, that's what Simba thought.

Nala didn't think so. They didn't spend every day fighting off creepy lions who wanted them dead and psychotic murders who wanted control of the Pride Lands. Some days could actually be pretty fun. Now that wasn't to say that when someone *did* try to kill them it wasn't fun – the thrill of the chase proved to be actually exciting sometimes.

They always managed to get out alive in the end, no matter how serious the situation got. They were a very good team together, and this helped them to achieve victory over the dark forces of evil.

"I'm not suspicious," Simba replied. "Something bad is going to happen today. I can just... feel it, you know?"

"Simba, how can you be so sure?" Nala enquired. "Today actually looks pretty quiet to me. It's the quietest it's been in a long while."

"*Exactly*," said Simba, looking around suspiciously. "It's *too* quiet. I feel like someone's going to pounce on us any minute now. It's only a matter of time before we're hanging off the edge of a cliff!"

"Simba, everything's fine," she assured him. "Nothing's going to happen to us today. You worry too much."

Simba shrugged. "Well, it's just that nearly every day some creep tries to kill us. I'm just trying to be protective, that's all."

Nala giggled in response, and rested her head on his. "Simba, believe me, you're being protective enough. I've never met someone as brave as you. You're my hero, remember?"

Simba looked into Nala's beautiful eyes – which seemed to *glow* with happiness – and a wide smile spread across his face. "And you're my hero, too, Nala."

She blushed and laughed, looking away from Simba. "Oh, I don't know about that, Simba. I've never done anything brave in my life."

"Are you kidding? You're the one who made me so brave in the first place! You're the one who gave me the confidence to stand up to all of those bad guys. I wouldn't be the way I am now if it wasn't for you."

Nala gave Simba a little smile and then hugged him as tight as she could. "Oh, Simba!" she exclaimed as she hugged him tightly. "I've never had *anyone* say something like that to me before!"

Simba chuckled. "That's great, Nala, but I'm kind of... having... trouble... breathing..."

"Oh." Nala let go of him, allowing Simba to breathe once more. "Sorry about that. I just couldn't help myself – like most times when I'm around you."

Simba chuckled. "Well, I am pretty irresistible," he told her cockily, raising his eyebrows.

"Who do you think you are? Moto?" Nala joked, causing the two of them to laugh.

"I'm naturally irresistible. I don't need magic to improve my image," he said as he walked down Pride Rock, grinning.

Nala followed him. "Nice to see you don't look so suspicious anymore," she said as she observed the cocky expression on his face. "Now you just look silly."

"Silly?" Simba squeaked, looking offended. "What do you mean by that? I thought I looked handsomely heroic!"

"No, you look heroically silly," Nala joked, smiling. She loved it when Simba got worked up over nothing. It was very cute to watch him get stressed out. "I felt *very* silly when I got stuck in your body the other day."

Simba stared at Nala, shocked. "You *did*? I thought you said it was pretty cool! Or are you just using me to get to my tuft? I'll let you know now that I'll protect it until I've taken my last breath!"

Nala giggled in response. "Simba, relax, I'm kidding."

Simba's eyes widened. "You *were*?"

Nala nodded. "Uh-huh."

"Oh." Simba scratched the top of his head, and nodded. "Y-yeah. I-I knew that. Of course, it was just a joke."

Nala strode past him, motioning for him to follow. "Now come on. Let's get down to the water hole. I wouldn't mind a swim right now. It's *really* hot."

"Not as hot as—" Simba was cut off when Nala clamped a paw over his mouth, preventing him from finishing his flirty comment.

"Don't even go there, Simba," she interrupted. "Now let's go. Unless, of course, you have some more suspicious looking to do."

Simba smiled. "I don't think so. You know, I think you're right. Maybe it will be a quiet day, and I won't have to fight any bad guys at all."

"And we can also... have some 'alone time' together, if you know what I mean," Nala told him alluringly.

"Let me guess... it'll involve a lot of hugging and kissing, right?" Simba presumed, resulting in a nod from Nala.

"Uh-huh. I just *love* my cuddly wuddly Simba," she replied, pinching his cheek playfully.

"Cuddly wuddly?" said Simba, raising an eyebrow. "Is that the best you can come up with? What happened to Simba the strong, brave hero everyone knows and loves? Now all I get is a 'cuddly wuddly'. Figures."

Nala rolled her eyes and pulled him along. "Come on, Simba."

"I think I can feel myself melting," said Tojo as he lay down on the ground near the water hole. "Seriously, by night I'll only have two legs left."

"Stop being such a baby," Tama told him as she swam in the refreshingly cold water. "It's not *that* hot."

"Tama, the reason you decided to swim in the water hole in the first place is *because* it's so hot," Tojo informed her.

"Now you're just contradicting yourself. And how come I'm not allowed to swim with you? Why must you insist that I lay on my back in the hot sun like this?"

"Why do you think?" replied Tama. "I like to see you suffer. You shouldn't have the privileges that I have. I'm the master, and you're the slave. That's the way it works. You don't get what I do."

"Can't we be equal now?" Tojo begged. "We live in the Pride Lands, the greatest place in the world. There's plenty of luxury to go round. Do I have to roast myself out here?"

"Yes," Tama replied simply. "Yes, you do, Tojo. I don't care how much luxury there is to go around. I still get more than you."

"Of course," Tojo said. "What else should I expect from the most selfish cub in the whole world?"

"What was that?" Tama snarled angrily. "Did I just hear an insult coming from your mouth, Tojo?"

"No. You heard me praising you for all you're worth," Tojo replied sarcastically. "Which isn't much."

"I'd strangle you right now if I wasn't so happy," Tama told him.

"And why are you so happy?" Tojo asked. "Because happiness is an emotion that I rarely see you experience."

"I explained it all to you last night, Tojo. I'm in love."

"Of course you are. You think Prince Simba is the most adorable cub of them all. Don't I get any cute points?"

Tama laughed. "Yeah, right! You're about as adorable as a dead carcass!"

"You make your point quite vividly, Tama."

***Chapter 2*: Chapter 2: A Changed Lion**

Chapter Two: A Changed Lion

Mtumwa had changed in the past few days. He'd changed a lot. This was due to the fact that he had heard some devastating news recently. News that affected his life significantly, and changed the way he viewed the world. In just a matter of days, his whole life had been altered. What could cause such a hyperactive lion to turn into a madman with a hunger for revenge?

Death. That's what. Death always changed people. *Always*. In some form or other, it always had a certain affect on everyone else, even if it was only something minor. It could range from simply crying for a few days to becoming a murderous lunatic. Death affects everyone in all kinds of different ways.

Mtumwa had been seriously affected by the recent death in question, because it was someone who he idolised. Someone who he looked up to as a role model. Someone who he strived to be as good as in the future. Someone who he just really, really, really adored.

Who was this person? Who was this person who Mtumwa adored so much? Who?

This person was in fact, the greedy, manipulative, psychotic villain infamously known to all inhabitants of the Pride Lands as Scar. He was the brother of Mufasa, the current King of the Pride Lands, and had secretly strived for years and years to claim the kingdom for his own, whatever it took. Kidnapping, murder, torture. None of that was too brutal for Scar. He would do anything to make sure that the entirety of the kingdom was under his control. In simple terms, he was a monster. A sick, depraved, insane monster.

Even though Scar's schemes had failed time and time again, he always managed to come out of them alive, with his brother being none the wiser to what he was doing. Scar would just retreat back into the darkness, and use his depraved mind to think up the next horrible scheme. It was like some kind of endless cycle, but at least Scar always came out of these things alive.

Unfortunately, that supposedly endless cycle had... Well, *ended*. Scar had been killed. Murdered in the very place he called home. The one place he had wanted to control since he was just a conniving little cub. Of course, it was the Pride Lands. Scar never really went much further than that.

How did it happen? How did the great and mighty Scar fall like that? How had this supposedly invincible figure of evil died?

Everyone knew, because the story had spread like the quickest wildfire in the world. Throughout the lands everyone had heard the story of the immense battle that had taken place at Pride Rock. The ultimate battle between all that was good and all that was evil.

Good prevailed. That was always what the 'good-natured' people said. "Good always prevails," they would say when they finished telling the story. Mtumwa didn't believe in such a statement. He liked the darkness and cruelty of evil. It sounded much more fun.

Mtumwa had heard the story over, and over, and over. Everyone kept telling it. Everyone told their friends, and everyone told their cubs. Mtumwa wouldn't be surprised if the whole world knew about it by now.

Apparently, Scar had managed to take over the Pride Lands with the help of his enormous army of hyenas, and successfully enslaved each and every lion in the pride, making them obey his every command. The whole pride was totally and utterly powerless. Scar had, for once, won.

However, even though every lion had been enslaved, every *cub* wasn't. Two cubs – known as Prince Simba and Nala – escaped the brutal takeover and fled to the jungle, where they stayed for one night. Just one night, before they decided to go back and fight to the death for control of the kingdom.

It was Prince Simba who emerged triumphant in the end. Everyone said that he killed Scar by throwing him off the edge of Pride Rock, and into blazing flames below. The young Prince possessed powers he didn't even know he had. Mtumwa doubted that the Prince possessed the immense strength that everyone claimed he did – he thought that Simba just got lucky. After all, how could an arrogant little cub achieve so much?

The story didn't end there. The Prince then killed all of the hyenas in cold blood, before freeing the pride and allowing Mufasa to reclaim his 'rightful' place as King. The Pride Lands were safe once more.

Needless to say, it was one of Mtumwa's least favourite stories he'd ever heard. Every time he heard it, it just made him want to go to the Pride Lands and finish off the Prince himself.

And then one day, Mtumwa decided that was *exactly* what he was going to do. He'd faced off against Prince Simba once before, and he very nearly succeeded in murdering him.

A few months back Mtumwa had travelled a long way just to catch a glimpse of his idol, Scar, and for a short time he'd ended up working for him. Scar ordered Mtumwa to kill the Prince, but the little brat always managed to get away.

Mtumwa was naïve back then. He didn't realise that until Scar died. Only then did he realise just how stupid he had been. He felt different now, and his personality had completely changed. And with this new personality he was going to go into the Pride Lands and destroy Prince Simba. He was going to rip out his guts and hang them from a tree while his friend watched. And then, just to finish off, he was going to kill his little friend, too.

Revenge was all he wanted. Scar would be smiling up in the Great Heavens as he watched Mtumwa deliver the killing blow to Prince Simba. Scar would finally be avenged!

It wouldn't be long now. A few more hours and Mtumwa would be in the kingdom he had only previously been in once before. It wouldn't take long, and Mtumwa wasn't going to waste time doing stupid things like he did last time. That was when he was foolish and immature.

All of that was gone now.

AN: Looks like Simba has some trouble on his paws, and he wasn't even the one who killed Scar in the first place! Oh, dear!

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Hot Under the Collar

AN: Two more chapters of terrifying trauma for you.

Chapter Three: Hot Under the Collar

"Simba!" Nala cried through laughter. "Stop it! It tickles!"

"Does it?" Simba teased, pretending to act surprised as he tickled her on her stomach even more. "Even when I do it like this?"

"You... know... I'm... ticklish... there!" she exclaimed, laughing even harder. "Come on, stop!"

Simba smiled in response, rolling onto the ground and snuggling up beside her. "Don't mind it when I'm touching you now, do you?"

Nala's eyes narrowed, and she began to tickle him behind his left ear – the part of his body that made him laugh the most when it was tickled. He immediately erupted with laughter, rolling about on the floor and trying to get away from her. She just kept on tickling him calmly, ignoring his desperate attempts to escape her.

"Nala, stop it!" he cried. "Please... I'm sorry for... tickling... you!" He hated it when he was tickled behind his left ear – it was his weakest spot, and one of the most sensitive to touch. This basically meant that Nala was torturing him right now.

Nala stopped tickling him and smiled. "I hope you've learnt your lesson now, Mr I-Think-It's-Fun-To-Tickle-Nala."

"It was just a little bit of fun," he told her. "I thought you liked fun!"

"Not when the fun means almost laughing to death!" Nala shot back, frowning. "Try to think of something fun that doesn't, you know, involve torturing me!"

Simba looked a little upset. "Nala, you're not... *mad* at me, are you?" he asked, worrying that he might have made Nala angry – something he most certainly *didn't* want to do. He didn't exactly know how she reacted to things like that. After all, she was a very sensitive person...

After a few seconds of seemingly endless silence, Nala replied with a glare at him, looking absolutely livid. But after a few seconds, the livid glare soon turned into a smile, and she ruffled the tuft of fur on Simba's head playfully. "Of course I'm not mad, silly! Just try to be a little less... tickly, next time, okay?"

Simba smiled back at her. *So she's not mad at me*, Simba thought, relieved. "Okay. Anything for my Princess."

Nala laughed. "Good one, Simba. You really had me going there for a second."

"No, really, I'm serious," Simba insisted. "You are my Princess."

Nala put a paw to her mouth, letting out a little gasp of surprise. "Really? D-do I really mean th-that much to y-you?"

Simba nodded. "Uh-huh. Why *wouldn't* you mean that much to me?"

Nala just stared at him for a few seconds, before grinning and hugging him tightly for the second time that day. "You never stop being so sweet, do you?" she said as she continued to grin.

Simba chuckled. "Do I get a prize for that or something?" he joked, before Nala surprised him by pinning him down and staring into his auburn eyes, smiling alluringly.

"Oh, you'll get a prize, all right," she replied, before collapsing on top of Simba and connecting her muzzle with his, kissing him. Simba's eyes widened in surprise momentarily, before he surrendered to the romance of the moment.

Princess Nala, Nala thought happily as she kissed her boyfriend. *I love the sound of that.*

"Have you quite finished your little swimming session?" Tojo asked Tama, who was floating lightly on her back in the water hole with a smile on her face, eyes closed. "Well, I say little, but I mean big. Really, *really* big. About two hours you've been in there now. Can I get up, yet? I might have a little bit of trouble with that, though, considering I can't feel

anything below my neck now."

"Stop your whining," she replied, keeping her eyes closed. "Can't you see I'm trying to have a little nap here?" Tama wished Tojo would stop bothering her. She was only making him lie there for two hours in the boiling hot sun – was there really a problem with that?

"Can't *you* see that if you take a nap in the water hole then you'll sink and drown?" Tojo retorted, a cheeky little smile forming on his face. Sometimes Tama failed to take certain things into account – mostly because she believed that everyone and everything should obey her when she wanted it to. It surprised Tojo that she hadn't decided to try and make herself Queen of the Pride Lands yet.

"I won't drown," Tama assured him confidently. "I'll just... sink to the bottom of the water hole and stop breathing. That's not drowning, is it?"

"I think you'll find it is," Tojo told her, causing her to open her eyes and stare at Tojo angrily.

"Are you *trying* to annoy me?" she asked in an irritated tone. "Because I'm feeling pretty riled up right now!"

"I might be," Tojo answered, his cheeky smile widening. He knew Tama wouldn't do anything to him if he annoyed her, because she *needed* him. Each and every threat she made towards him was empty. In fact, about seventy-five per cent of all the sentences she spoke were empty threats. She really made it sound like she wanted Tojo dead, but he knew that she would *never* be able to cope with such a thing if ever happened.

"I'll take that as a yes, then," Tama said as she swum over to the side of the water hole where Tojo was, grabbing his hind legs and pulling him into the water hole, causing a large resounding *splash!*

Tojo rose from the water, taking a deep breath and sighing as the cold water enveloped him. He could see why Tama was enjoying her time in here so much – in this heat, the water hole was a haven. Tojo could already feel all the parts of his body rapidly cooling down.

"Thanks for that," he told her, causing Tama to stare at him, confused.

"'Thanks'?" Tama repeated, sounding outraged. "What the heck is that supposed to mean?"

"It means thank you," Tojo replied. "I was waiting for you to pull me in here. I needed something to cool me down after lying in the hot sun for two hours. If you hadn't pulled me in then you'd set yourself on fire the next time you touched my back."

Tama frowned, realising she had made a mistake in pulling Tojo into the water hole. "All right, I'll admit I made a little mistake in pulling you in."

"There's a surprise," Tojo remarked. "You *never* admit it when you make a mistake."

"Why you little..." Tama angrily grabbed Tojo's head and dunked it underwater, causing him to kick his legs in every direction to try and escape as Tama tried to drown him.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: A Terrifying Encounter

Chapter Four: A Frightening Encounter

"You annoying little... *thing*!" Tama exclaimed as she held Tojo's head under the water. He continued to struggle against her grasp, desperately trying to prevent himself from drowning. Tama sure knew how to keep a hold of his head, though. Maybe she'd had previous practise...

Tama noticed Tojo was beginning to struggle less, and violently pulled his head back up to the surface, gulping in air frantically. "What... did... you... do... that... for?" he asked in between deep breaths. Did she always have to react so harshly?

She responded with an angry slap to Tojo's face. "That enough water for you?" she roared. "Or do you want some more?"

"No, no, I've had plenty!" he replied, swimming away from her, his paws resting over the edge of the water hole. "Jeez, Tama, do you always have to be so mean?"

"Hmm... let me think," she faked a thoughtful look, staring up at the sky. "Yes! I'm an evil genius! That's the point, you fool!"

"I like to think of you as nothing more than a bully," Tojo told her. "And I think this slavery is a violation of my rights as a lion cub, too."

"You have *no* rights, Tojo," said Tama. "You got rid of all of those when you *became* my slave in the first place! Now I order you to get out of the water hole right now and—"

Tama's sentence was cut off when someone wrenched her out of the water hole, and she found herself staring into a pair of menacing brown eyes. It only took her a few seconds to realise that she was staring into the menacing eyes of a lion – and a rather scary looking one, at that.

"Where's the Prince?" the lion snarled, causing Tama to narrow her eyes in response. That wasn't something she was likely to tell this new arrival.

"What makes you think I know the Prince, and even if I *did*, what makes you think I'd tell you?" Tama said to the lion bravely. "Who the heck do you think you are, anyway?"

The lion replied by violently shoving Tama onto her back; she felt her body being pressed down hard into the dirt, and then she felt a pair of jagged claws being pushed up to her throat, ready to kill her.

"You can call me Mtumwa," the lion told her. "But you won't get to call me that much if you don't tell me where Prince Simba is right now."

Tama looked desperately to Tojo for help. "Tojo – help me!"

Tojo shrugged, climbing out of the water hole. "Nah. Don't think I will. After all, you know what they say: what goes around... comes around!" he exclaimed with a little maniacal giggle. "Ooh, that sounded a little bit evil."

"You'll be next, you little brat," Mtumwa warned him, resulting in Tojo becoming suddenly enthusiastic.

"Right!" Tojo exclaimed. "I'd better help you, Tama. You look like you're in trouble."

"You creep!" Tama shouted, as Mtumwa pressed his claws against her throat even harder, causing her to gag a little. "Okay, okay! He's in the Pride Lands!"

Mtumwa rolled his eyes. Was this cub really that stupid? He expected the cubs here to have a slightly higher level of intelligence than the ones in most prides. Apparently not. "Well, I know that!" he exclaimed. "I want to know *where* in the Pride Lands!"

Tama shrugged, trying to keep her throat as far away from Mtumwa's claws as possible. "That's something *I'd* like to know the answer to. I don't know where he is. You're better off asking someone else. Or you could just do the smart thing and try to find him yourself. It doesn't take an idiot to walk around the place. Or, I don't know, maybe you *are* an—"

Mtumwa clamped his paw over Tama's mouth, preventing her from speaking further. "Someone really needs to teach you to speak when you're spoken to," he said before removing his paw from her mouth and walking away.

Tama sat up, an enraged look on her face. "I *was* being spoken to!" she shouted after him. Mtumwa just ignored her, and carried on walking. Frowning, Tama turned to Tojo. "Creep. Why did he want to know where my one true love was?"

"Well, by the looks of it, he doesn't seem too happy with the Prince," Tojo concluded. "Maybe he wants to kill him, or something along those lines."

Tama was walking toward Tojo when he said that, and she instantly stopped dead in her tracks. She just stood there, looking totally stunned.

"Is there some kind of problem, Tama?" Tojo asked.

Her left eye began to twitch, angered by the mere mention of Simba being killed. She didn't want a cutie like him dying. Not while she was around, anyway! "Simba? Dead? *Now*? Well, I'm certainly not going to let *that* happen anytime soon! He'll have to get through me first!"

Tama stomped away from the water hole. Tojo rolled his eyes and bounded after her. "Don't you think the guy can take care of himself?" Tojo asked her. "I mean, you've only met him once or twice, and you sound like his girlfriend."

"One day I *will* be his girlfriend," she declared. "Simba will be mine, no matter what I have to do..."

"There's a chilling thought," Tojo remarked. "How exactly do you plan on defending Simba from this guy?"

Tama shrugged. "I'll just set him on fire or something. He won't be too much trouble to take care of."

"And why didn't you do that when he had his claws to your throat?" Tojo said in a teasing voice.

"I was scared – I mean, I w-was s-surprised," she stammered, looking nervously left or right. She despised it when people saw weakness inside of her. It made her feel totally worthless. "But this time, I know what's coming, and I'm going to burn that lion to a crisp. And I'll burn you, too, if you don't follow my every command today."

"More empty threats," Tojo muttered under his breath.

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

AN: Tama's a little bit soft on the inside – but not much. Mtumwa's changed a fair bit. I guess that's what happens when your psychotic idol dies.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: You Can Fly!

AN: Time for more of this vengeful story. Mtumwa's in a very dark place. I almost feel sorry for him... Nah! The guy can burn in the fiery depths of Hell, for all I care.

Chapter Five: You Can Fly!

Mtumwa was angry already, but the lack of assistance from the rest of the pride only managed to make him even angrier. He didn't even bother with the adult lions and lionesses – they would snuff him out instantly, and would chase him out of the Pride Lands before he could even say a single word. He noticed the pride was a lot more protective these days, and weren't likely to accept an intruder as one of them until they were absolutely sure that person could be trusted. Mtumwa didn't look very trustworthy, and fitted into the 'psycho murderer' category. Maybe that's what he was...

Yep, he was psychotic. Mtumwa found himself *forced* to admit that. He... wasn't stable, and would much rather partake in murderous actions instead of living out the rest of his life with a heart full of grief. What person *would* want to live like that? What was the point? If you lost someone who was close to you, then wouldn't you want to make all the other ignorant, happy people pay for their insolence?

Everyone was insolent. Did no one care that Scar was dead? He was a god! A god of all that was evil in the universe! Such a brilliant lion had died, and those who had murdered him would pay for it. Mainly, Prince Simba. The little arrogant brat had finally succeeded in wearing Scar down so much that it cost him his life. He knew of the torment Scar had to endure with that cub, and Scar despised him with all of his heart. He was the obstacle that prevented him from becoming King of the Pride Lands. Scar would have been better off if Simba was never born, not to mention he also would have been *alive*...

But Mtumwa would avenge Scar's death, and he was going to make sure it hurt. That cub deserved to gag and choke, thrashing on the edge of life until the darkness consumed him. He deserved all of that pain, and it just about amounted to the suffering that both Mtumwa *and* Scar had endured.

Mtumwa would kill Simba's friend first, though. He'd make the cub watch as his friend's legs were broken, one by one, before he slit her throat as slowly as he possibly could, giving her the most painful death imaginable. It would feel like her soul itself was being torn apart. Since Simba cared about her so much, it would break his heart in two, and he might even surrender himself to Mtumwa, because he wouldn't want to go on living after seeing such a horrible thing.

Mtumwa personally didn't want to live much longer, either. After Simba was dead, Mtumwa was going to kill himself. He'd slowly bring his jagged claws to his throat, take a deep breath and slash the life out of him. And as he collapsed to the ground, he knew he'd be doing exactly the right thing.

Was it morbid? Yes, but that's what death does to people. Death sometimes could be the only answer to... death. Mtumwa was so insane that he believed Scar was the greatest being that inhabited the planet, when in reality Scar was one of the greatest monsters that inhabited the planet. Everything he did always resulted in pain, misery, and the worst thing of all: death.

Right now, all Mtumwa could think about was finding Simba and punishing him for all the trouble he had caused. These lands belonged to Scar, and Simba had ruined the chances Scar had of ever claiming what he so rightfully deserved.

Simba was dead, and there was no way the cub could keep that from happening.

"Simba, there's no way you can keep that from happening," Nala told Simba, as he prepared to leap from the branch of a tree he had just spent five minutes trying to climb. The reason he wanted to climb up it surprised Nala, and she began to wonder if the heat was driving him mad. "Gravity will stop you."

"You just wait," Simba told her, as he positioned himself on the edge of the branch, making sure he was jumping off from the branch at a perfect angle. "You won't stop being surprised for *weeks* when I pull this off!"

"Simba, you can't fly," Nala informed him, rolling her eyes at what he was trying to accomplish. "That has to be one of the stupidest ideas I've ever heard you come up with! Next to that time you told me you could breathe underwater."

"I *did* breathe underwater!" Simba insisted. "I was under there for at least five minutes!"

"Simba, you passed out," said Nala, smiling. "I had to dive back under and save you before you killed yourself. I don't think that counts as breathing underwater."

"I do. I just got a little sleepy, that's all," he told her. "Is there a problem with taking a nap underwater?"

"And now you think you can fly, too?" Nala said with a raised eyebrow. "Simba, birds fly. Lions don't. Now get back down here before you hurt yourself."

"Who are you, my mother?" Simba teased. "I'll be fine. All I need to do is flap my paws as hard and fast as I can and I'll fly. It'll be easy!"

"Good luck with that." Nala flopped down onto her back, casually looking up at him as he got ready to jump. "I'll just be lying here to watch as you hurt your back."

"Fine! You'll see! If you're lucky, I might even take you on a flight with me," he told her, trying to sound generous.

"Yeah, sure," Nala said quickly. "Just jump so we can get this over with."

"Okay." Simba narrowed his eyes in concentration. "One... two... three!" Simba leapt from the branch, flapping his paws as fast and as hard as he could, just like a bird would. But Simba, of course, wasn't a bird, and plummeted straight to the ground, landing hard on his stomach with a loud *crunch!*

"I take it the flight didn't go as planned," Nala joked, smiling at Simba as he lay there on the ground.

"I think I landed on a rock," Simba said, wincing as tears of pain fell from his eyes. "A really hard, sharp rock. Actually, I think I'm dying. Help me out, here."

"Fine." Nala sighed and got to her paws, walking over to Simba. *He really should have been more careful when he did that*, she thought to herself as she helped Simba to get up. *I don't think he'll ever stop being so silly. Not that I would want him to, anyway. This is actually pretty entertaining!*

"Thanks," Simba grunted, as he looked down at the ground to see where he had landed. There was a hard, but little rock on the ground. He'd landed right on top of it. How in the world didn't he see that before he jumped off? Maybe he should have listened to Nala on this one...

Nala could see the pain he was in, and decided they should do something a little less adventurous. "Do you want to go find somewhere to lie down?" she offered.

Simba nodded. "That'd be great."

"Come on, then," Nala said as she led Simba away. "You really need to be more careful. It could have been a lot worse if that rock was bigger."

Simba nodded, and a few seconds of silence passed before he spoke up again. "Nala?"

"What?"

"Is it normal if I can't breathe?"

***Chapter 6*: Chapter 6: A Little Rest Stop**

Chapter Six: A Little Rest Stop

"I'm tired," Tama said as she stopped in the middle of a grassy field, with Tojo just beside her. "Let's rest here for a few minutes."

"Fine," Tojo agreed, sitting down beside her. They both sat there in silence, hearing nothing but the sound of the gentle breeze in the air. It was Tojo who finally broke the silence.

"Tama, why do you 'love' Simba so much?" Tojo asked, curious as to why Tama seemed to have fallen for such a kind-hearted cub. He always thought that she would only have an attraction to other treacherous cubs her age, but apparently that wasn't so.

Instead, she actually fell for one of the friendliest cubs you could ever meet. From what Tojo had seen, he concluded that he liked Simba. He'd certainly make a better friend than Tama, that was for sure. He figured that if she fell in love, then she would be that little bit nicer towards him. Boy, did he get *that* wrong!

"Why do you think, you idiot?" Tama replied angrily. Surely the answer to that question was obvious, wasn't it? Any idiot could see just why she had fallen for Prince Simba! "Because he's cute, and that's a quality I quite admire."

"I thought / was cute," Tojo said, sounding rather confused. He always thought he looked kind of adorable. In that case, why hadn't Tama developed some kind of attraction towards him? "I'm cute, right?"

Tama scoffed. "Tojo, you're about as cute as me," she told him, prompting Tojo to suddenly look very confused indeed.

He scratched the top of his head in confusion. "Very?" he concluded, from what Tama had told him. "It's very, right? Because I can't really tell."

"I'm *not* cute, you idiot! That's the whole point!" she shouted at him. "Why would you think I'm cute?"

Tojo shrugged. "I don't know. You confused me, that's all. So if you're not cute, then just what are you?"

Tama fluttered her eyelashes. "Isn't it obvious?" she said. "I'm beautiful. The most beautiful cub in the world."

Tojo snickered. He couldn't help it. If Tama thought she was beautiful, then he'd eat his own head. "You're kidding, right? You don't really think you're beautiful, do you?"

Tama looked shocked. "Why wouldn't I be? Of course I think I'm beautiful. Actually, I *know* I'm beautiful." She looked up to the sky. "The gods granted me the power of beauty, as well as all of my other powers."

The next time she looked at Tojo, he was gnawing at his lip with his teeth, looking like he was trying to eat his own head or something like that. "What are you looking at?" he asked. "Can't you see I'm trying to eat my own head?"

"And why are you doing that?" Tama asked through narrowed eyes. Sometimes Tojo seriously managed to freak her out. "Have you gone insane or something? I know it's hot, but surely it's not hot enough to melt your brain."

"I said to myself that if you believe you're beautiful then I'll eat my own head," he explained, as he continued gnashing away at his lip. "And... Well, it kind of speaks for itself, doesn't it? Now leave me in peace as I devour myself."

She slapped him hard in the face, bringing his face-eating to a halt. "Don't you make fun of me, Tojo! We have an important job to do!"

"Yes, an important job that you've forgotten about," Tojo noticed as he rubbed his burning cheek. "Stopping here has cost us a good five minutes. I'd say Simba's internal organs are being torn out as we speak."

Tama gasped. "Oh, no! You're right! This is all your fault, Tojo!" she accused, pointing at him with one of her claws.

Tojo's eyes widened in shock. "*My* fault?" he squeaked. "How the heck is it *my* fault? *You're* the one who wanted to stop here to rest!"

"Don't play word games with me," she said, turning around and walking away from an extremely shocked Tojo. He didn't know why he decided to follow her, but he did anyway.

"Where do you even think we'll find Simba?" Tojo asked. "He could be anywhere in the Pride Lands!"

"Exactly. Which is why we're going to look for him. Well, actually, *you're* going to look for him. All that sitting down has tired me out."

Tojo's eyes widened again, and he put a paw to his forehead. "Wait a sec... yep, my sanity's gone!"

"Stop your complaining," she said. "Slaves aren't supposed to complain. Why don't you follow my orders for a change?"

"Tama, I *a/ways* follow your orders. Mostly," he added after a second, causing Tama to frown and glare at him.

"Let's just keep going," she grumbled. "My darling Simba can't be too far away. He's lurking around here somewhere, waiting to show me his cute little face, and those adorable eyes. And that tuft I like so much. I'd almost say it's better than mine," she said, pointing to her own tuft on top of her head. "*Almost.*"

"Of course," Tojo muttered, rolling his eyes. "Because no one is better than you, Tama. You, after all, are the most beautiful cub in the whole world!"

"You got that right!" she exclaimed. "And you, of course, are the least attractive."

"Well, you know what they say," said Tojo with a cheeky smile. "Opposites attract."

"And what is *that* supposed to mean?" Tama asked, sounding offended by that saying. It was certainly a stupid one, that was for sure. Why would she be the least bit attracted to those deep, wonderful blue eyes and that slim coat of brown fur and that... Wait, never mind.

"Tama, it doesn't matter," Tojo replied with a sigh. "Let's just keep looking for Simba the Cutie. Then maybe I can get a little rest out of this day, which has been pretty miserable for me so far."

"Looks on the bright side, Tojo. The sun is shining!" she exclaimed, trying her best to sound optimistic.

"The sun's too hot," Tojo grumbled. He swore that as soon as he said that, it started to get hotter. Did his life always have to be so depressing? "Now find Simba quickly, or you'll have a puddle for a slave."

"I'll take as much time as I want!" Tama declared as she hurried forwards, not even looking where she was going. "You can't control me! Who do you think you—"

Tama's sentence was cut off with her own scream, as she fell from the edge of a cliff she hadn't even noticed was there. The tall grass had completely obscured it. She clung onto a dead root that was sticking out of a crack in the cliff wall, and swung back and forth, dangling precariously from the edge.

"Tojo!" she cried. "Help me!"

AN: Tama – not very brave at times. I wonder if Tojo will help her out or not? I guess we'll see just how pure his heart is in the next chapter...

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Mtumwa Shows His Face

AN: Time for your two thousand-word finale! Enjoy!

Chapter Seven: Mtumwa Shows His Face

"Simba, don't be silly," said Nala. "You know you can breathe. Now you're just trying to get sympathy from me."

Simba chuckled. "Was it that easy to figure it out? I thought you *liked* feeling sorry for me. Doesn't that make me all the more adorable?" He smiled warmly at Nala, causing her to stare into his eyes. She could *never* resist that smile. She'd be a fool not to.

Nala nodded, staring at him in some kind of love-induced trance. "Yeah... adorable is the word that springs to mind..." she said, a goofy smile widening on her face. She was completely under Simba's spell.

"I knew it!" Simba exclaimed, grinning. "You always love things like that! Got any more reasons why you find me cute?"

Nala just continued to stare, like she was in some kind of trance. Simba raised an eyebrow, a little confused by this. "Uh... Nala? You okay? You seem to be... not saying anything right now. Is there a reason for that?"

He waved a paw in front of her face, to no avail. Rolling his eyes, he shook her several times, finally snapping her out of it. She blinked a few times, looking around confusedly. "Did you say something, Simba?"

Simba laughed. "I'm so cute that I can hypnotise you with just my smile." He put a paw to his chin as a thought came to him. "I wonder if that trick would work on Mom and Dad when they try to ground me...?"

Tojo looked over the edge of the cliff, to see Tama dangling from a dead root. His eyes widened in shock momentarily, before a sneaky grin spread across his face. "How's it hanging, Tama?" he teased.

"Tojo, this is no time for joking around!" she cried, fear evident in her voice. "Just help me up! I can't hold on much longer!"

Tojo shrugged. "Not my problem. After all, if I let you drop then I won't have to be your slave ever again."

Tama looked extremely shocked. "*What?* Tojo, if you don't help me right now then I'll—"

"Do what?" Tojo interrupted. "Because, from where I'm standing, you're in no position to do anything at all to me. For once, *I'm* the one who's in control. That's kind of funny, isn't it?"

"Tojo, please let me up! I'll do anything! Anything at all! I don't want to die! I'm too young! And beautiful! Just help me!" she pleaded, on the verge of tears.

Tojo put a paw to his chin thoughtfully, thinking over what Tama had said. "Anything, eh? Well, there is just *one* thing I'd like you to do."

"Just name it!" Tama exclaimed. "But please hurry up about it! I'm slipping!"

"Oh, I only want you to admit that you need me," Tojo revealed.

"What?" Tama cried.

"You heard me. Admit it, Tama – you need me. More than you'll ever know. Say you need me, and I'll pull you up. Otherwise, it's goodbye to your life." Tojo grinned, knowing that Tama was caught between a rock and a hard place. She had to admit it, now! She *had* to!

"No way!" Tama shouted. "I don't need you! I can do everything all by myself! You are *nothing* to me! Have you got that? *Nothing!*"

"Doesn't look that way from here," Tojo remarked, as he casually observed Tama beginning to lose her grip on the root. Any second now she would plummet to her death. "Time's running out, Tama. A few more seconds and... *splat!*"

"All right! All right!" she squealed. "I... I..."

"Yes...?" said Tojo, gesturing for her to continue. She'd admit it – it was only a matter of time.

"I... I... don't need you for anything at all!" she blurted out, failing to admit that she needed Tojo – which she did.

Tojo tutted, closing his eyes and shaking his head. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear, Tama. This isn't looking very good for you, is it?"

"You let me up now or—" Tama screamed at the top of her voice as the root snapped in two, and she dropped from the edge of the cliff. Tojo reached out and grabbed hold of her paw, saving her at the very last second.

Tojo rolled his eyes as he pulled her to safety. Tama collapsed onto her back, breathing heavily. She couldn't believe that had happened. That was one of the most terrifying experiences she'd ever had in her entire life!

She looked up at Tojo, who was staring down at the ground, not bothering to ask if Tama was okay or not. "Tojo?" she said, shock evident in her voice. "Why... Why did you save me?"

"Because, unlike you, I actually *care* about you, Tama," Tojo replied. "It may come as a surprise to you, but I do. I thought for once that you might admit that you needed me, but obviously I got it wrong." Tojo sighed deeply, and closed his eyes for a few seconds. "I'm going. Find Simba yourself." Tojo then slowly walked away, leaving a very shocked Tama on her own.

"Tojo, I..." Tama said in an upset voice, but a few seconds later, a look of anger crossed her face. "I hate you! Go away! Go away and die in a ditch somewhere! I hate you! *I hate you!*" she screamed at him, jumping up and down in fury as Tojo walked away. "What an idiot."

"You know when I said it was hot earlier?" Simba said to Nala as they lay on the edge of a cliff together, snuggled up close to each other. "Well, that was *cold* compared to this."

Nala shrugged. "It's better than rain, right?"

Simba nodded. "I guess so. You were right, though. It was pretty quiet today. We didn't have to fight any bad guys at all today."

"I think you're wrong," said a voice from behind the two cubs. Suspicious already, Simba and Nala turned around to find themselves looking at the familiar face of Mtumwa. He looked a little bit worse for wear, though. His fur was very messy, and his claws were jagged. He looked a lot deadlier than the last time they met.

"It's... It's you!" Simba exclaimed in surprise. *So much for today being quiet*, he thought to himself. *I was right to be suspicious all along!*

"You seem surprised to see me," Mtumwa said. "You should have expected this. After all, I was – and still am, for that matter – Scar's biggest fan. Did you think you could actually get away with murdering the greatest lion that ever lived? Did you think there were going to be no consequences? There are *always* consequences."

"What are you talking about?" Simba asked, confused. "I didn't murder anyone!"

"Don't lie to me!" Mtumwa roared furiously. "I know what you did! You're something of a legend in other lion prides. They go on and on all day about you and your heroic fight at Pride Rock. You killed Scar and all of his hyenas! You stole the life of my idol!"

"What?" Simba exclaimed. "I wasn't the one who killed Scar! That was someone else, called—"

"I've heard enough!" Mtumwa interrupted. "It's about time you paid for your crimes! I'll give you a very slow and painful death indeed. But first, I think I might kill your little friend there," he said, pointing a jagged claw at Nala.

Simba jumped defensively in front of her. "Don't even think about it," he warned. "I'm not going to let you hurt her. I won't."

"How are you going to stop me?" Mtumwa said as he took a step towards Simba. "I know you didn't kill Scar because of your strength. It was just luck that allowed you to do it. You got lucky, that's all. But that just angers me even more."

"Simba?" Nala whispered in Simba's ear, looking fearfully at Mtumwa as he got closer and closer. "What are we going to do?"

"I'll... I'll think of something," Simba whispered back, his eyes locked on Mtumwa, who continued to approach them menacingly. Simba looked down at his paws, and extended his claws, ready to use them if need be.

"Don't bother trying to fight me," Mtumwa said as he raised a paw, ready to attack Simba. "You'll only make things worse."

Mtumwa swiped with his paw, hitting Simba on his side, and sending him skidding across the ground. "I've learnt a lot since our last encounter. I think you'll find it that little bit harder to defeat me."

Nala looked at Simba, and realised that Mtumwa had knocked him out. His eyes were closed, and his body was utterly motionless. She was all on her own.

Mtumwa glared at Nala, a murderous glint in his eyes. "I hope you don't mind pain, because you're gonna get a lot of it."

Nala's eyes widened as Mtumwa swiped at her with his claws. She rolled out of the way, avoiding getting slashed by him. She managed to stumble to her paws, ready to defend herself against any other attacks Mtumwa might try to use against her.

Mtumwa growled. "Stay still," he said, before leaping at her, his jaws wide open. It was as if he was going to try and swallow her whole.

Nala jumped out of the way, and Mtumwa slid across the ground, crying out in pain. "What's your problem?" he roared. "Can't you just accept that you're meant to die?"

Nala backed herself against the edge of the cliff, as Mtumwa readied himself to pounce at her. He knew that he would get her this time. He was sure of it. "Time to die!"

Mtumwa let out an angry roar, and pounced at Nala, his jagged, sharp claws extended. She was dead!

Nala ducked as low as she could, and just about managed to see the look of pure fear in Mtumwa's eyes as he sailed over the edge of the cliff. She swiftly turned around and looked over the edge to see Mtumwa fall to his death. He didn't scream or cry out as he fell; he just dropped silently, his eyes closed.

Here I come, Scar, Mtumwa thought as he hurtled to the ground below.

Nala closed her eyes and turned away as she heard the unmistakeable *crunch!* of Mtumwa's bones breaking as his body smacked against the ground far below her.

She opened her eyes and ran over to Simba. "Simba! Simba, are you all right?" she asked worriedly, collapsing to the side of his unconscious body.

A few seconds passed, and Simba grunted groggily, his eyes flickering open. "N-Nala?" he said, looking up at her. "What happened?"

She smiled. "I'll tell you later. Just go back to sleep."

Simba nodded wearily. "Okay. I guess I am kind of sleepy..." Simba closed his eyes and slipped back into unconsciousness again, snoring lightly. Nala giggled, knowing that Simba was fine.

"I guess I'd better take you back home," she said, as she gathered up Simba's body and slumped him over her back, before making her way back to Pride Rock. She looked up at the sky. It would be night soon, and Nala figured they could both do with an early night.

It wasn't until late at night when Tama returned to the den at Pride Rock. She'd sat on the edge of that cliff for a few hours, doing nothing in particular. When she got back, she discovered that everyone had fallen asleep. The King and Queen; Simba and Nala; and...

Tojo. He was curled up in the corner, snoozing away. Tama noticed that he looked rather miserable while he slept.

Tama padded over to Tojo, and stared at him for a few seconds, before doing something that she never thought she'd do.

She kissed Tojo on the cheek, and smiled.

I suppose I do need you, Tojo, she admitted. *More than I'll ever know.*

The End

AN: I liked that ending. Did you? Tell me in a review, if you have nothing else to do. The next story will be rather comedic, a bit like *Dead as a Dodo*.

NEXT TIME: Simba and Nala come across a newborn cub one day, and decide to become his adoptive parents until his mother is found.